MARVEL® 25TH ANNIVERSARY

DAREDEVIL®

PARIAH!

© 1985 MARVEL COMICS GROUP

75¢
229
APR
02459

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

I NEVER **BELIEVED**...THAT BUSINESS OF YOUR **LIFE** FLASHING IN **FRONT** OF YOU BEFORE YOU DIE...

...NEVER THOUGHT... THERE COULD BE ENOUGH **TIME**... THERE'S TOO **MUCH** TO LIFE...

...BUT THERE'S REALLY ...HORRIBLY **LITTLE**... THAT **COUNTS**...

...A SUNNY **DAY**... BRIGHT AND **PRETTY**...

THE **LAST** DAY... I WILL EVER **SEE**...

DANGER
HAZARDOUS MATERIALS

--BRAVEST THING I EVER **SAW**! BUT HIS **FACE**-- HIS **EYES**...

THAT **THING** THAT FELL FROM THE **TRUCK**--IS IT--

LOOK AT HIS **FACE**--

--THAT **THING**-- IS IT--

--IS IT **RADIOACTIVE**?

YES...

...YES. IT COURSES THROUGH MY **BLOOD.** IT **CHANGES** ME.

MY BLOOD... IT **BURNS...**

...IT SPURTS FROM A **HEART** THAT'S POUNDING SO **LOUDLY** IT'S TRYING TO BURST FROM MY **CHEST**--

--MY **BLOOD**--IT **GUSHES** THROUGH HIGH POWER **HOSES** AND **SLAMS** AGAINST THE BASE OF MY **SKULL.**

EVERYTHING **HURTS.**

I DON'T KNOW WHERE I **AM.**

SANDPAPER SCRAPES MY **SKIN** EVERY TIME I **MOVE**--**NO**--NOT **SANDPAPER**--**SHEETS**--STARCHED **SHEETS**--

--I'M IN A **BED**--SOMEWHERE--

--AND THE **SMELLS...**

...CHEMICAL SMELLS. DISINFECTANTS.

HOSPITAL. I'M IN A HOSPITAL.

THE **DOOR** SWINGS OPEN ON SCREAMING **HINGES. PEOPLE** COME AND GO, SMELLING LIKE **BATHTUBS** FILL OF **SWEAT**--SMELLING LIKE **EATEN FOOD**--LIKE ITALIAN **SAUCES** AND HALF-DIGESTED **EGGS**--

--THEY STAB ME WITH LONG SHARP **NEEDLES.** THEY FILL ME WITH **DRUGS.** BUT THE DRUGS DON'T **FOOL** ME. I KNOW THEY CUT MY **FACE.**

I CAN **FEEL** IT YOU **IDIOTS**--CAN'T YOU SEE THERE'S **NOTHING** YOU CAN DO TO STOP ME FROM **FEELING** IT?

EVERYTHING **HURTS.**

YOU CAN ONLY STAND SO MUCH.

I WRITHE AND SCREAM--

--BUT EVEN MY OWN SCREAM IS TOO LOUD SO I HAVE TO STOP--

--AND ALL I WANT IS TO DIE...

...BUT I DON'T DIE. SO I HAVE TO MAKE DO.

AFTER A TIME I SOMEHOW SHUT OUT JUST ENOUGH... AFTER A TIME IT'S ONLY AGONY.

THEN, PAST THE FUMES OF WHATEVER IT IS THEY USE TO CLEAN THE FLOOR, THERE COMES A WAVE OF WHISKEY --A MEGAPHONE VOICE...

SON?

CAN YOU HEAR ME, SON?

HEAR YOU--WHAT DO YOU EXPECT--YOU'RE SHOUTING--

THE DOCTORS...THEY SAY YOU'LL BE FINE, SON.

--LIKE ALL THE REST--BREATHES LIKE HE'S A HUNDRED FEET TALL...

YOU'RE A HERO, BOY.

...SO BIG...IT'S LIKE I'M IN HIM...IT'S...

YOU JUST REST NOW.

...IS THAT MY FATHER?

DAD'S ANXIETY PAINTS THE WORLD RED. HE FINALLY LEAVES AND IT'S ANOTHER NIGHT OF TERROR AND THE ENDLESS COUGHING OF SOMEONE DOWN THE HALL.

THEN...SOFT STEPS ...A SOFT WOMAN'S SCENT...

...A SOFT VOICE...

WHY DOES IT HURT?

SO LOUD... SO SMELLY... EVERYTHING...

I SEE...

SHE BREATHES. DOWN THE HALL THE COUGHING SUBSIDES.

WHEN SHE SPEAKS AGAIN IT'S A GENTLE WHISPER.

THIS...MAY NOT BE A BAD THING. WHAT YOU COULD DO WITH IT...

DO... WITH IT?

JUST THINK OF IT. IT'S A BLESSING, MATT.

IT'S YOURS. YOURS.

AND IT'S OUR SECRET. DON'T TELL ANYONE.

PROMISE ME NOW...

WHO ARE YOU?

LIPS, WARM...KISSING MY FOREHEAD... LOVING...

...AND SOMETHING HARD, DANGLING FROM HER NECK...

IT'S A CROSS... MADE OF GOLD...

PROMISE ME...

A KIND WOMAN'S GIFT OF HOPE TO ME. I NEVER UNDERSTAND IT--AND SHE NEVER COMES BACK.

BUT IT GETS EASIER...

IT'S OKAY, DAD. I'M AWAKE.

SON...HOW'D YOU KNOW I WAS HERE?

COULD HEAR YOU A MILE OFF. SIT DOWN, DAD.

WE HAVE TO TALK, MATT. MAN TO MAN.

I'M ALL EARS, DAD.

IT'S ABOUT THE ACCIDENT, SON. YOU WERE HIT BY SOMETHING SOME CORPORATION WAS DRIVING THROUGH TOWN. RIGHT THROUGH TOWN.

THEY WON'T SAY IF IT WAS RADIOACTIVE. THEY WON'T EVEN TALK TO ME.

IT MESSED YOU UP PRETTY BADLY, MATT. YOUR FACE... WELL, I'M AMAZED WHAT THEY WERE ABLE TO DO WITH IT. YOU'RE GOING TO LOOK GOOD AS NEW. BUT...

...IT'S YOUR EYES, SON. THEY...

I KNOW I'M BLIND, DAD. THERE AREN'T ANY BANDAGES ON MY EYES--AND I'VE NEVER HEARD OF A HOSPITAL WITHOUT LIGHTS.

YOU...YOU'RE TAKING IT WELL, SON...

YES...

...I PROMISED...

...I KEEP MY HEIGHTENED SENSES SECRET...EVEN FROM DAD...

...I FIND A TEACHER WHO HELPS ME MASTER THEM...

...AND DAD IS MURDERED AND I BECOME DAREDEVIL AND FIGHT CRIME...

...AND OTHER THINGS HAPPEN. A HOME. A CAREER...

...BUT THE OTHER THINGS ARE GONE NOW SO THEY DON'T MATTER...

...GONE...THE KINGPIN TOOK THEM AWAY. FOUND OUT MY SECRET IDENTITY AND TOOK EVERYTHING AWAY...

...AND I ATTACKED HIM...

...AND HE KILLED ME.

Stan Lee presents

PARIAH!

by FRANK MILLER and DAVID MAZZUCCHELLI

CHRISTIE SCHEELE
COLORS

JOE ROSEN
LETTERS

RALPH MACCHIO
EDITOR

JIM SHOOTER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

UPTOWN, WHERE PEOPLE WITH MONEY SPEND IT...

♪ REMEMBER CHRIST OUR SAVIOR WAS BORN ON CHRISTMAS DAY

I WAS *SURE* I'D GET ALL THE SHOPPING DONE *EARLY* THIS YEAR...

YOU'VE BEEN *BUSY*, FOGGY. WHAT WITH ALL THOSE *JOB OFFERS* TO SORT THROUGH.

♪ TO SAVE US ALL FROM SATAN'S POWER ♪

NO KIDDING. LIKE SOMEBODY DROPPED THEM DOWN MY *CHIMNEY*.

THAT'S A *JOKE*, GLORI. HERE IN *AMERICA* WE TELL THE *KIDS* THAT CHRISTMAS GIFTS COME FROM *SANTA CLAUS*. HE'S THIS BIG FAT *GUY* WHO RIDES A *SLEIGH*--

EVEN IN *IRELAND* WE HEARD OF *SANTA CLAUS*, FOGGY.

SPOSE YOU *HAVE*.

LET'S SEE. TOOK CARE OF *MOM* AND *DAD* AND *CINDY* AND *BECKY*...

NO--

NO-- YE *WON'T*--

GLORI!

GLORI--

WOOF!

GET OFF ME, YOU CRAZY--

AND PORKCHOP...

...MY OLD BOWLING PARTNER...

"PORKCHOP" PETERSON

SNIKK

CRAZY... I'LL KILL YOU...

...GOT PORKCHOP A GIFT TOO...

WHOKK

STOP HIM-- HE--

OH, WHAT'S THE USE...

HORRIBLE CITY-- HORRIBLE--

--AND WILL YE LOOK AT ALL THESE PEOPLE. THEY DON'T CARE A BIT!

DO YE, DO YE CARE A BIT?

COME ON, GLORI.

TIDINGS OF COMFORT AND JOY

LET'S GO FIND A PLACE TO DRY OFF...

NO. I'M NOT DEAD.

NOT YET.

NOT AS LONG ...AS I KEEP MOVING...

My EDITOR wants something SWEET for the CHRISTMAS EVE edition--something about LITTLE GIRLS and PUPPIES.

And here I am at BELLEVUE.

FORGET what you've heard about BELLEVUE. It's NOT a MENTAL institution. It's a HOSPITAL. Sure, they treat lots of emotionally DISTURBED patients...

...but they also handle more than their share of what we like to think of as SANE cases. Like corrupt COPS--and CHILDREN with HEART conditions.

My name is BEN URICH. I'm a REPORTER. This is my CHRISTMAS story.

HOW'S THE KID?

YOU AGAIN ...TOLD YOU TO LEAVE ME ALONE...

TWENTY YEARS ON THE FORCE. SPOTLESS RECORD. DIDN'T EVEN TAKE VACATIONS.

HOW'S THE KID?

JUST GET OUT OF HERE. URICH GOT NOTHING TO SAY TO YOU

NOBODY'S HEARD FROM MATT MURDOCK IN DAYS. HE MIGHT BE DEAD.

QUITE A FRAME HE WAS PUT IN QUITE A FRAME.

NO SMOKING IN HERE.

YOU LIED ABOUT MURDOCK. YOU TESTIFIED AGAINST HIM AND GOT HIM DISBARRED AND HUNTED BY THE LAW.

ALL THIS YOU DID FOR THE KINGPIN--THE TOP CRIMINAL IN THIS TOWN.

YOU'RE NOT THE FIRST COP TO GO BAD, MANOLIS AND IT'S NOT LIKE YOU DIDN'T HAVE A REASON.

THE BEST TREATMENT FOR CERTAIN CARDIAC PROBLEMS COSTS BAGS OF MONEY -- MORE THAN A COP'S MEDICAL PLAN PROVIDES.

BY THE WAY-- HOW'S THE KID?

COMPLICATIONS GOING UNDER THE KNIFE IN AN HOUR COULD DIE TONIGHT

KEEP MOVING...

DOESN'T... MATTER WHERE...

CHRISTMAS EVE--HOW CAN IT BE CHRISTMAS EVE WHEN IT'S SO HOT--

--CHRISTMAS IS SNOW AND FIRE-PLACES AND LOVED ONES AND PRESENTS -

-IT ISN'T THE MEXICAN SUN AND QUAKING FROM HEAD TO TOE FROM HEROIN WITH-DRAWAL--

--IT ISN'T ROBBING A BLIND MAN-- THE SECOND I'VE ROBBED, THINKS KAREN PAGE--

--MATT -I ROBBED MATT -- SOLD HIS SECRET IDENTITY FOR A FIX--

--AND NOW I NEED ANOTHER FIX AND I NEED TO GET TO NEW YORK AND I NEED MATT TO SAVE ME FROM MEN WHO ARE TRYING TO KILL ME-- I NEED MONEY--

--THE SECOND BLIND MAN I'VE ROBBED -- BUT THIS ONE CATCHES ME--

--SCREAMS AND WON'T STOP SCREAMING--

--KEEP MOVING--

--DON'T THINK--

- THE KILLERS CAN'T BE FAR BEHIND--

DON'T WALK
WATCH IT
OUT OF THE WAY YOU LUNATIC--
GET YOURSELF KILLED--
DESERVES TO GET HIT--

OH, MAN-
WHUMPP

HE LOOKS BAD--
JUST KEEP DRIVING, MAN WHO NEEDS THE GRIEF--

KEEP MOVING...

I MISS YOU *TOO*, MOM. IT'S... WELL, IT'S *MATT*-- YOU KNOW, MY *PARTNER*--OR AT LEAST HE *USED* TO BE MY PARTNER--HE'S IN A LOT OF *TROUBLE*. IT'S KIND OF HARD TO *EXPLAIN*...

...BUT AS LONG AS THERE'S A *CHANCE* I MIGHT *HEAR* FROM HIM... I'M GLAD YOU *UNDER-STAND*, MOM.

...OH, THINGS ARE GOING *REAL WELL*. I'VE GOTTEN SEVERAL *JOB OFFERS*... YES, I KNOW YOU SAID I WOULD. ONE IN PARTICULAR LOOKS QUITE *GOOD*. ALMOST *TOO* GOOD... NO, I DON'T KNOW WHAT I MEANT BY THAT...

...AND, WELL, IT'S NOT JUST *THAT*, MOM. YOU SEE, I'VE MET A *GIRL*... SHE'S REAL *NICE*...

JEEZ, TURK. I MEAN WE COULD'VE *BOUGHT* THE SUITS.

WITH *WHAT*? WE BEEN *TAPPED* SINCE THE *KINGPIN* FROZE US OUT OF WORK.

Volunteers of AMERICA

HURRY UP AND GET *DRESSED*, GROTTO.

I DON'T KNOW. I MEAN, *SANTA CLAUS*...

SHUT UP. NOW WE SHLEP TO THE *UPPER EAST SIDE*. THE *RICH* ONES GIVE US *MONEY*--AND *THEY* FEEL BETTER ABOUT BEING *RICH*-- AND *WE* FEEL BETTER ALL *AROUND*.

IT'S THE *CHRISTMAS SPIRIT*.

TAKE...

...TAKE IT *OFF*.

TAKE YOUR *FACE* OFF, MAN--

JUST A *BUM* TURK ALREADY BEEN BEAT UP *PLENTY*, FROM THE LOOKS.

HERE--BUY YOURSELF A *BOTTLE*...

TAKE IT OFF.

SHKK

AW, *TURK*--YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO...

BLED ALL OVER THE *SUIT*--

LET'S *GET OUT* OF HERE...

Nick's SON dies at 12:03 Christmas morning.

If you want me to DESCRIBE the way that makes me FEEL, you're a GHOUL.

He TALKS. None of it makes much SENSE. But it WILL. I've got my STORY

I've also got a world class NICOTINE FIT So I lead him OUT--to the PARKING LOT--

- where I don't EXPECT to have to face any grouchy NURSES

IT'S **NOT** JUST THE **KNIFE** WOUND- IT'S THAT **RIB** OF MINE THAT POPPED LIKE A **WISHBONE** WHEN THE **KING PIN** SLUGGED ME- IT HAD THE **DECENCY** TO STAY WHERE IT **BELONGS**--

-- UNTIL THAT **CAR** HIT ME..

...NOW IT'S ALL **LOOSE** AND **JAGGED** AND EVERY TIME I **MOVE** IT **CUTS** AND **GOUGES**...

...I KEEP **WALKING**

...JUST BECAUSE IT'S **HARD** TO...

KAREN PAGE...

...I'M A REAL **FAN** OF YOURS ...OF YOUR **MOVIES**, THAT IS

I NEED--

I CAN **SEE** WHAT YOU **NEED**.

NOT JUST-- THE *JUNK*. I NEED A *RIDE* TO *AMERICA*.

I CAN *PAY*.

THE *SMAK* FOR *THAT*, I'LL TAKE YOUR *MONEY*. BUT THE *RIDE*, WELL . . .

. . . LET'S JUST SAY I'M GOING NORTH *ANYWAY*. GOT *DELIVERIES*. ALL I NEED ON THE *RIDE* . . . IS *COMPANY*...

LIKE I *SAID*-- I'M A REAL *FAN*.

WHATEVER IT TAKES.

EXCUSE, PLEASE--

-- THE *SENORITA* COMES WITH *US*.

KBLAMM

KBLAMMM

FUPP

YOU BETTER BE *WORTH* THIS . .

BLEEDING... INSIDE AND OUT...

THAT RIB... WON'T STOP..

I CAN FEEL IT.. CAN FEEL IT ALL..

HELL'S KITCHEN SMELLS LIKE HELL'S KITCHEN... WHY DID I COME HERE?

WORST NEIGHBORHOOD N MANHATTAN.

GOOD PLACE TO GET KILLED.

I WAS BORN HERE.

...RIGHT DOWN THIS STREET. MY FATHER'S HOME...

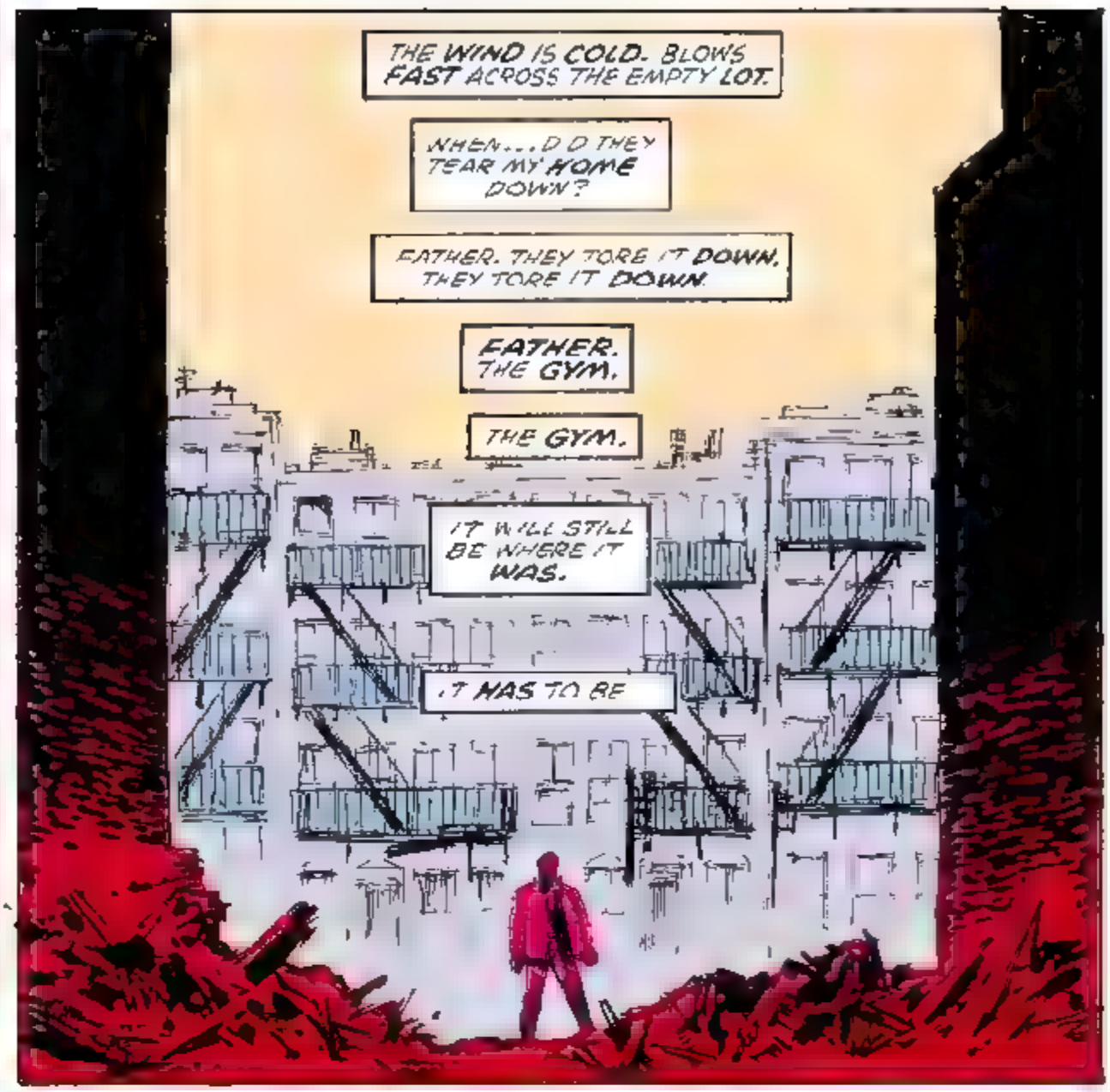
MY HOME, THE ONLY HOME.. I HAVE LEFT.

OH, FOGGY-- YE SHOULDN'T--

--YE REALLY SHOULON'T HAVE...

OH, FOGGY . IT'S SO BEAUTIFUL--

--SURE AND IT COST YOU A FORTUNE...


THE WIND IS COLD. BLOWS FAST ACROSS THE EMPTY LOT.
WHEN... DO THEY TEAR MY HOME DOWN?
FATHER. THEY TORE IT DOWN. THEY TORE IT DOWN.
FATHER. THE GYM.
THE GYM.
IT WILL STILL BE WHERE IT WAS.
IT HAS TO BE

THE CIGARETTE tastes AWFUL.
Its LIKE that sometimes
GUESS IT WAS THE KINGPIN THAT MADE THE FRAME. DIDN'T KNOW THE GUY I SPOKE TO.
SOLD OUT TWENTY YEARS WITHOUT FIXING A TICKET AND I SELL OUT AND IT DOESN'T EVEN SAVE MY BOY.
HEY-- IT'S GOT TO BE OKAY TO SMOKE OUT HERE...

DIDN'T EVEN SAVE MY B--
WHAT IN--
THWAKK

ARE YOU-- AAAA
MR URICH--YOU ARE CAUSING MY EMPLOYER SOME DISCOMFORT. AND SO MY EMPLOYER HAS ASKED ME TO MAKE CLEAR TO YOU HIS POSITION.
HIS POSITION IS AS FOLLOWS...

...IF YOU WERE A *PUBLISHER* MY *EMPLOYER* WOULD DESTROY YOUR *PRESSES*. SINCE YOU ARE MERELY A *TYPIST* AND IT WOULD NOT BE *PERSUASIVE* TO DESTROY YOUR *TYPEWRITER* --

--MY *EMPLOYER* HAS ASKED ME TO MAKE *T PLAIN* TO YOU THAT EVERY TIME YOU SPEAK THE NAME *MATTHEW MURDOCK*--

NNGGGG

LJM·1

--YOU SHALL *LOSE* THE USE OF YOUR *FINGERS*.

KRAKK

The WORST thing is that I DON'T pass out

I get to SEE what she does to NICK MANOLIS

M·1

IT'S STILL HERE

IT STILL HOLDS THE *SMELLS*. *ALL* THE SMELLS. OF ALL THE *YEARS*.

THE *SWEAT*. MY SWEAT, FATHER. AND *YOURS*.

YOU *TRAINED* HERE. YOU *TRAINED* AND MADE ME *PROMISE* TO STAY *AWAY*. SO I *LIED* TO YOU AND *PROMISED* AND CAME HERE *ANYWAY*.

FOGWELL'S GYM

I BECAME A *FIGHTER*. JUST LIKE YOU.

ENDLESS STOLEN *HOURS* ON THE *ROPES*.

AT THE *BAG*.

AT THE *BAG*.

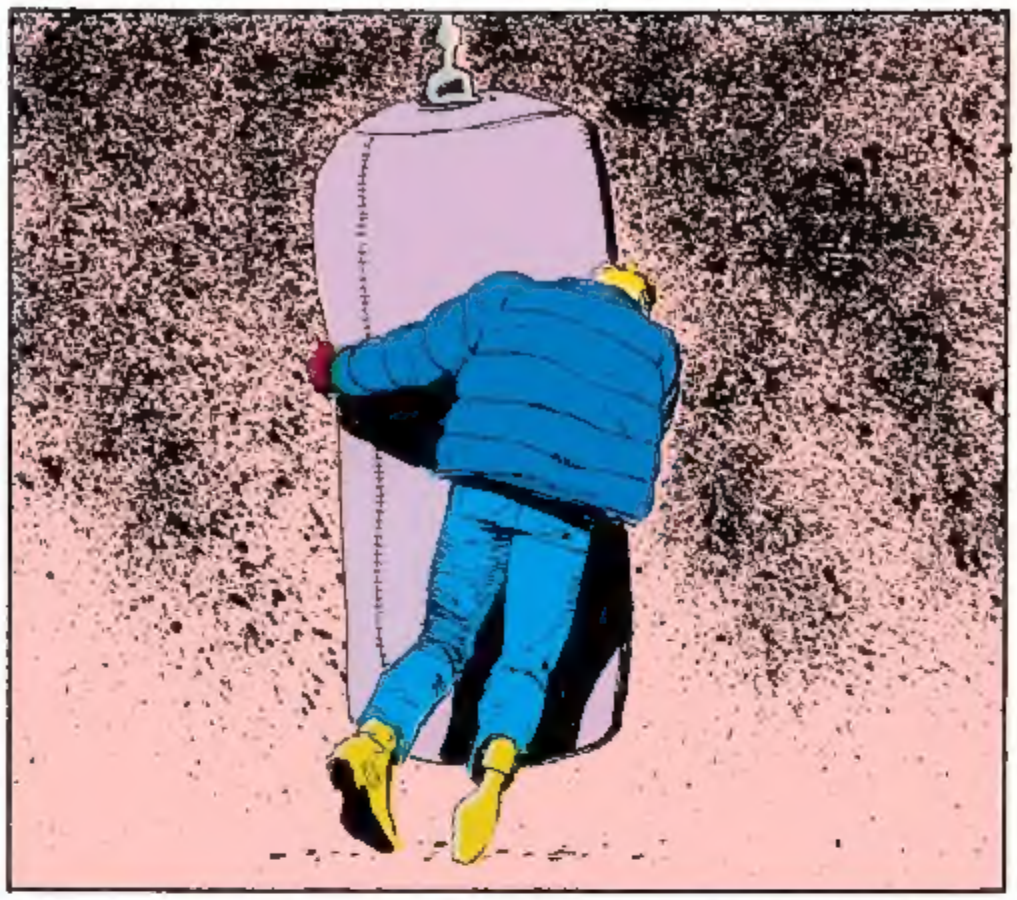
ON MY MOTHER'S *GRAVE* YOU MADE ME *PROMISE*.

THE ONLY *JOY* I HAD. I COULD NEVER *SHARE* IT.

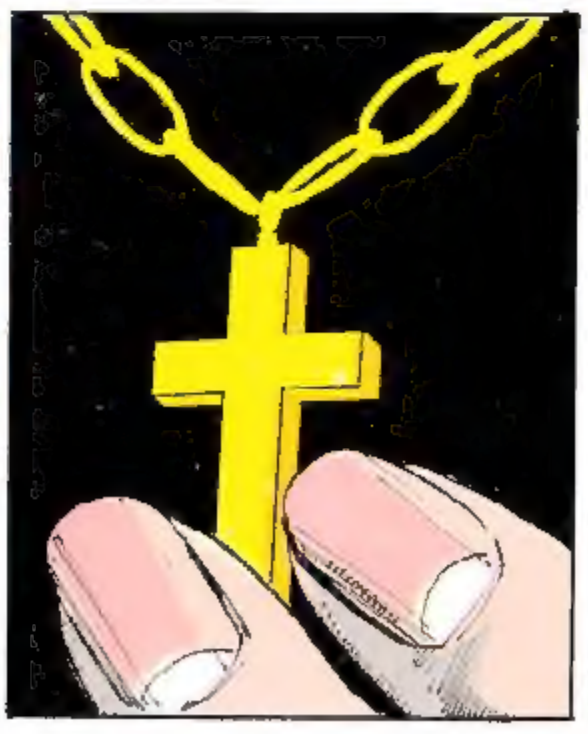
NOW EVERY OTHER PART OF ME IS *DEAD*.

ONLY THE *FIGHTER* LIVES

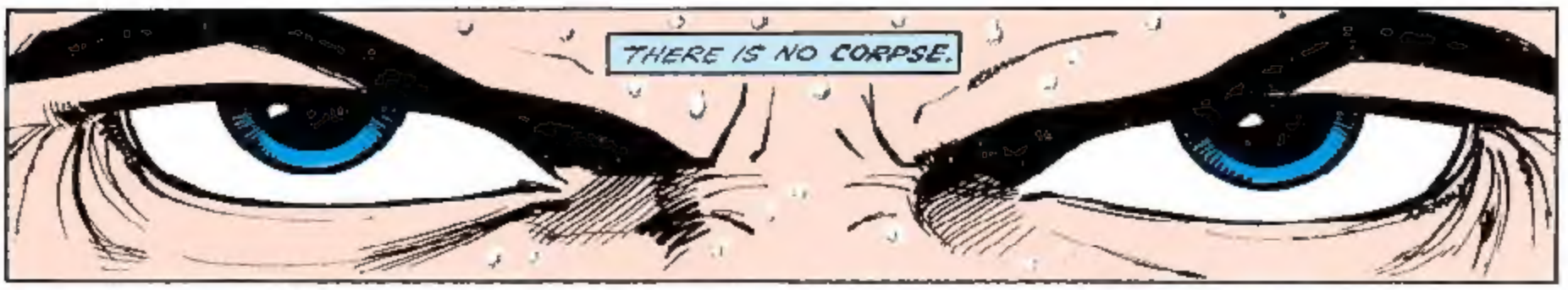
ONLY THE FIGHTER...

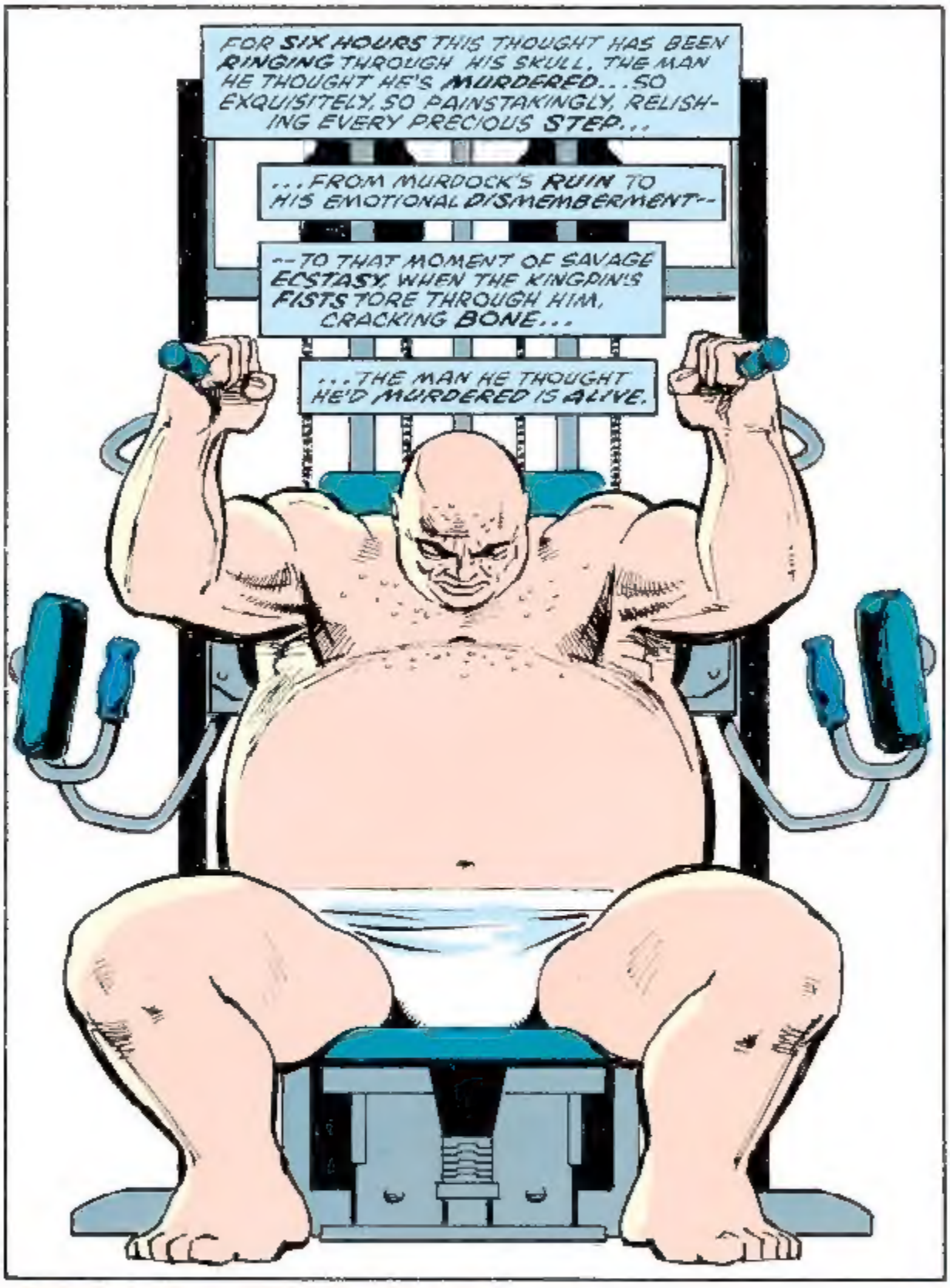


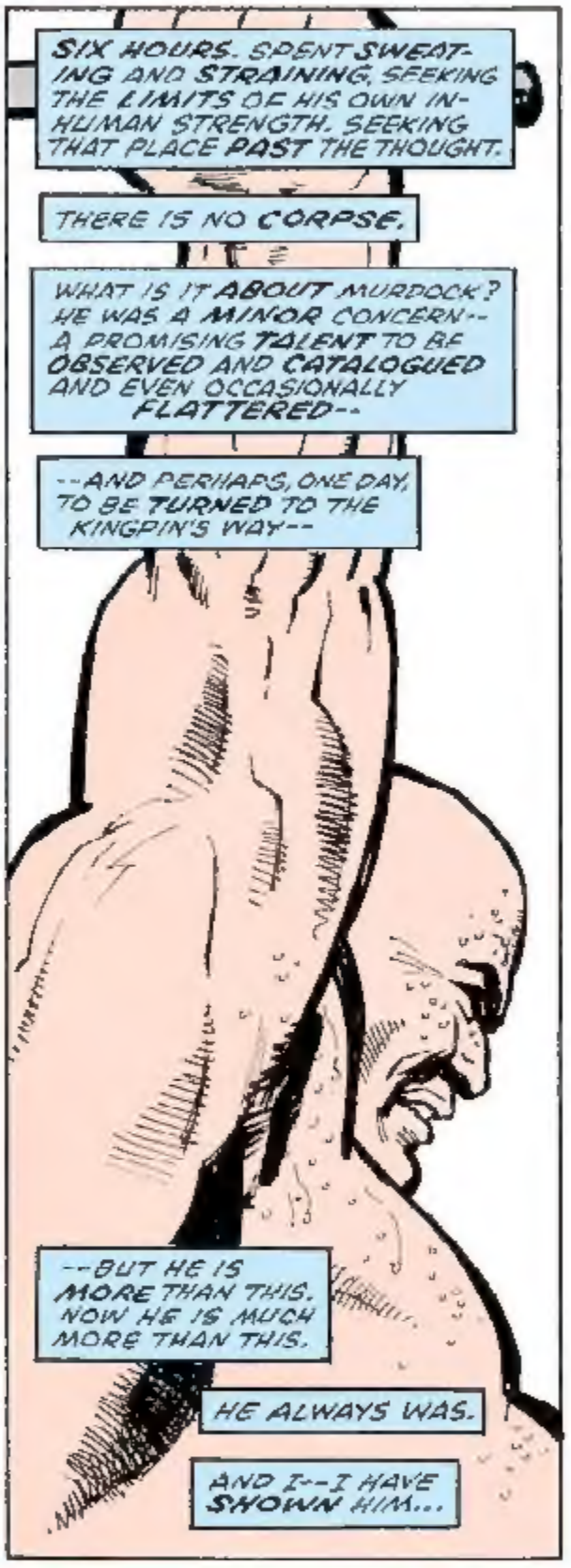
MATT--



MATT.


THERE IS NO CORPSE.


FOR SIX HOURS THIS THOUGHT HAS BEEN RINGING THROUGH HIS SKULL, THE MAN HE THOUGHT HE'S MURDERED...SO EXQUISITELY, SO PAINSTAKINGLY, RELISHING EVERY PRECIOUS STEP...
...FROM MURDOCK'S RUIN TO HIS EMOTIONAL DISMEMBERMENT--
--TO THAT MOMENT OF SAVAGE ECSTASY, WHEN THE KINGPIN'S FISTS TORE THROUGH HIM, CRACKING BONE...
...THE MAN HE THOUGHT HE'D MURDERED IS ALIVE.


SIX HOURS. SPENT SWEATING AND STRAINING, SEEKING THE LIMITS OF HIS OWN INHUMAN STRENGTH. SEEKING THAT PLACE PAST THE THOUGHT.
THERE IS NO CORPSE.
WHAT IS IT ABOUT MURDOCK? HE WAS A MINOR CONCERN--A PROMISING TALENT TO BE OBSERVED AND CATALOGUED AND EVEN OCCASIONALLY FLATTERED--
--AND PERHAPS, ONE DAY, TO BE TURNED TO THE KINGPIN'S WAY--
--BUT HE IS MORE THAN THIS. NOW HE IS MUCH MORE THAN THIS.
HE ALWAYS WAS.
AND I--I HAVE SHOWN HIM...

...THAT A MAN WITHOUT HOPE...
...IS A MAN WITHOUT FEAR.

MILTON19